

Sabbath. L. M.

23

Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun,  
Does his successive journeys run;  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore;

Stonefield. L. M.

Verses.

Chorus. Stanley.

1. Kingdoms and thrones to God belong; Crown him, ye nations, in your song: His wondrous name and power rehearse: His honors shall enrich your verse.

2. He rides and thunders thro' the sky, His name, jehovah! sounds on high: Praise him a-loud; ye sons of grace: Ye saints, rejoice be-fore his face.

3. God is our shield, our joy, our rest; God is our King, pro-claim him blest: When ter-rors rise, when na-tions faint, He is the strength of every saint.

Organ.

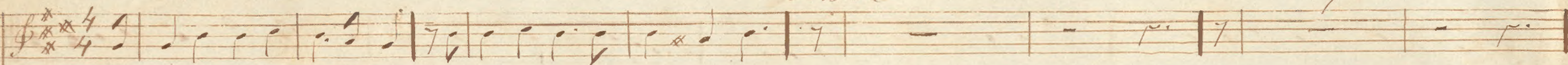
Voice.



Andante.

Eaton. L. M. 6 Lines Verse.

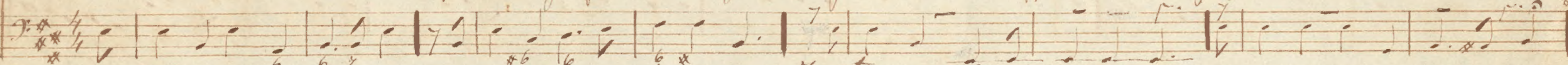
Wyvill.



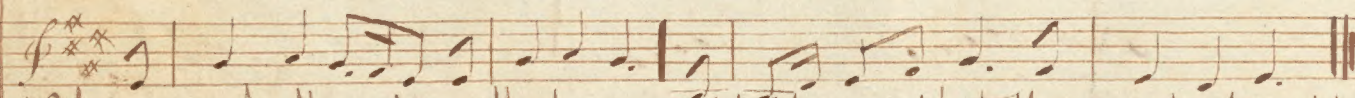
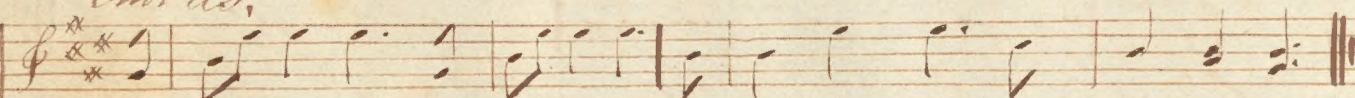
1. God of my life, through all my days, I'll tune the grateful notes of praise; The song shall wake with opening light, And warble to the si-lent night,



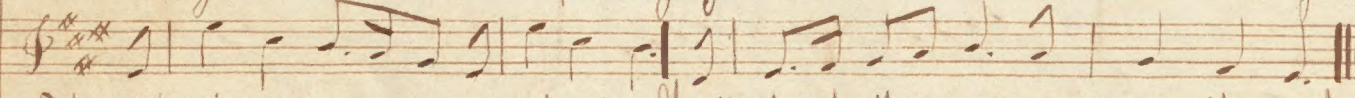
2. When anxious cares would break my rest, And grief would tear my throbbing breast, The notes of praise, ascending high, Shall check the murmur and the sigh.



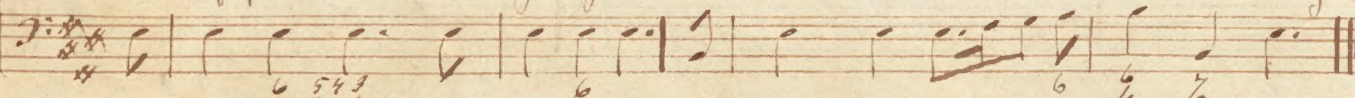
Chorus.



The song shall wake with opening light, And warble to the si-lent night.



The notes of praise, ascending high, Shall check the murmur and the sigh.



3. When death O'er nature shall prevail,  
And all the powers of language fail,  
Joy though my swimming eyes shall break,  
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

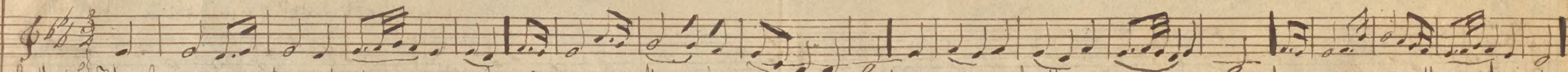
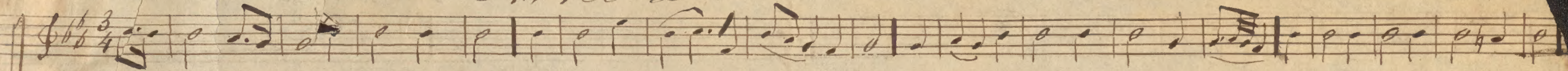
4. But, O, when that last conflict is o'er,  
And I am chained to earth no more,  
With what glad accents shall I rise,  
To join the music of the skies.

5. Then shall I learn the exalted strains  
That echo through the heavenly plains,  
And emulate, with joy unknown,  
The glowing seraphs round thy throne.

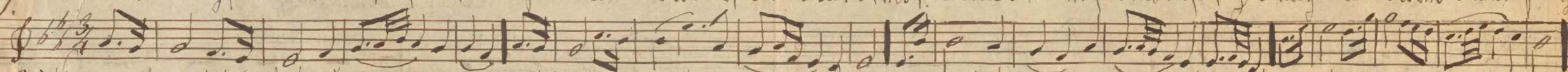


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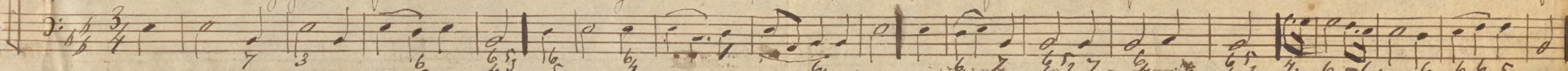
Anne. L. M. 6 Lines

D<sup>r</sup> Anne.

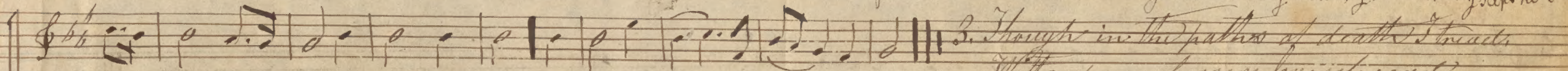
L. M. 62. The Lord my pasture shall prepare, And feed me with a shepherd's care; His presence shall my wants supply, And guard me with a watchful eye;



2. When in the sub-try glebe I faint, Or on the thirs-ty mount-ain pant, Where peace-ful riv-ers soft and slow, Amid the ver-dant land-scape flow:



To fer-tile vales, and dew-y meads, My wea-ry wander-ing steps he leads.



3. Though in the pathos of death I tread,

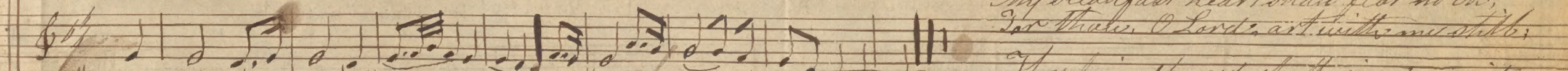
With gloomy horrors overspread,

My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,

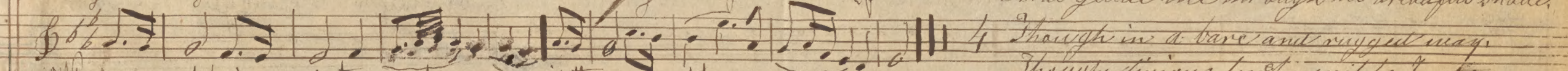
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;

Thy friendly rod shall give me aid

And guide me through the dreadful shade.



My noon day walks he shall attend, And all my midnight hours defend.



4. Though in a bare and rugged way,

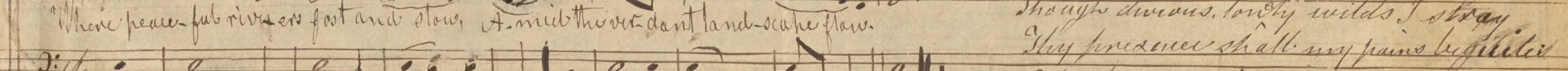
Though dubious, lonely wilds I stray

Thy presence shall my pains beguile

Thy barren wilderness shall smile

With sudden greens and herbage crowned,

And streams shall murmur all around.

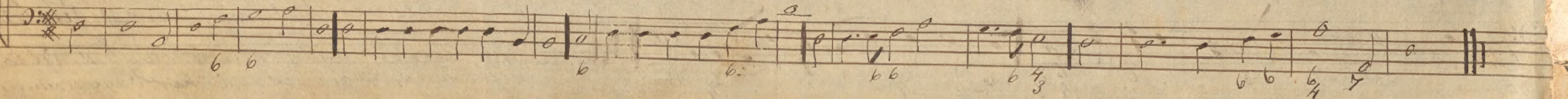
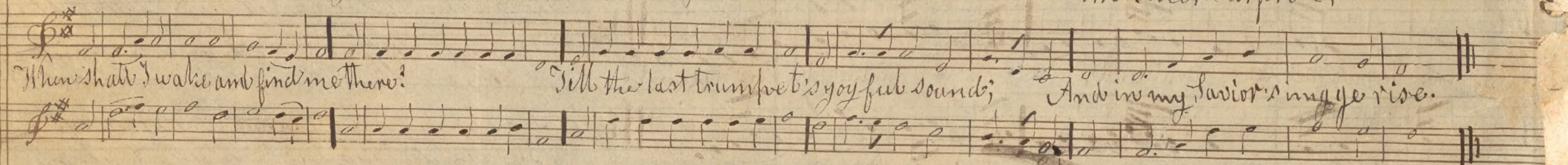
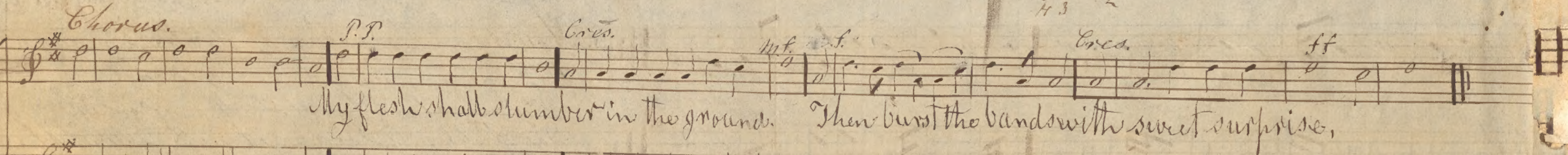
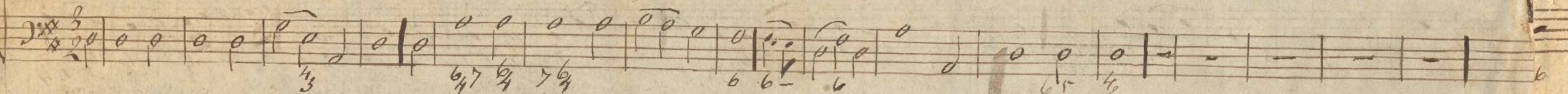
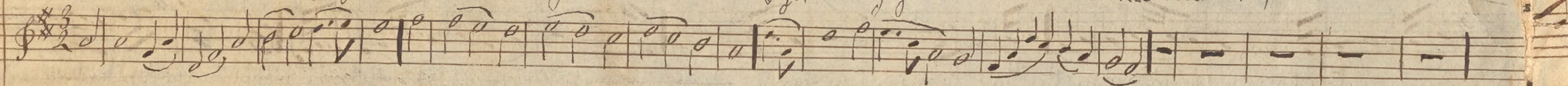
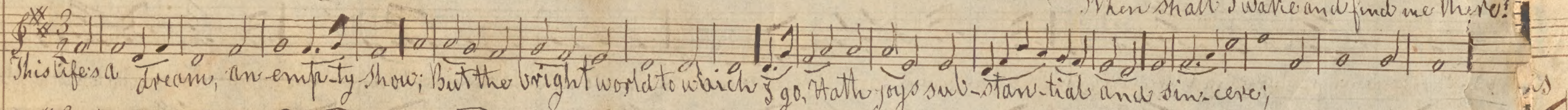
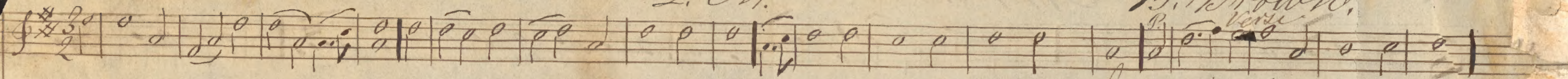


Where peace-ful riv-ers soft and slow, Amid the ver-dant land-scape flow.



Silken. L. M.

B. Brown.



When shall I wake and find me there?

This life's a dream, an empty show; But the bright world to which I go, Hath joys substantial and sincere;

My flesh shall slumber in the ground. Then burst the bands with sweet surprise,

When shall I wake and find me there? Till the last trumpet's joyful sounds; And in my Savior's mighty rise.